

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.  
(Continued from third page.)

The sneer was probably meant for an ogle. Beauty has its annoyances as well as its compensations. As we came under the glare of the outside lights Phyllis' hand tightened on my arm.

"Look! There he is, and he is making for us."

At the sight of that face, with its hooked nose, its waxed mustache and imperial, I took a deep breath and held it. In the quick glance I saw that his right arm hung stiffly at his side. I attempted to slip into the crowd, but without success. He lifted his hat, smiling into the astonished face of Phyllis.

"The Princess Hildegarde!" But with those three words the sentence on his lips came to an end. Amusement replaced the smile. He stepped back. Phyllis' eyes expressed scornful surprise. What she understood to be rudeness I knew to be a mistake. He had mistaken her to be Gretchen, just as I had mistaken Gretchen to be Phyllis. It was a situation which I enjoyed. All this was but momentary. We passed on.

"Was the man crazy?" asked Phyllis as we moved toward the carriages, where we saw Pembroke waving his hand.

"Not exactly crazy," I answered. "The Princess Hildegarde. Did he not call me that?"

"He did."

"He must have mistaken me for some one else, then."

"The very thing," said I. "I wonder what he is doing here in London?"

"Mercy! Do you know him?"

"Slightly." We were almost at the carriage. "I am sorry to say that he is a great personage in this very court which you are so soon to grace."



He lifted his hat, smiling into the astonished face of Phyllis.

"How strange! I'm afraid we shan't get on."

Pembroke and I dismissed our carriage. We were going back to the club. Ethel and her husband were already seated in their carriage.

Said Phyllis as I assisted her to enter. "And who is this Princess Hildegarde?"

"The most beautiful woman in all the world," I answered, with enthusiasm. "You will meet her also."

"I do not believe I shall like her either," said Phyllis. "Good night." And the door swung to.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I had just left the office when I ran into Pembroke, who was in the act of mounting the stairs. It was Saturday morning. Phyllis had left town.

"Hello!" he cried. "A moment more and I should have missed you, and then you would not have leaped a piece of news."

"News?"

"Yes. I have made up my mind not to go home till February."

"What changed your plans so suddenly?" I asked.

"My conscience."

"In heaven's name, what has your conscience to do with your plans?"

"Well, you see, my conscience would not permit me to meet such a remarkable woman as Miss Landors without becoming better acquainted with her."

"This is very sudden," said I, lighting a cigar. "When did it happen?"

"What time did she come into your office the other day?"

"It must have been after 11."

"Then it happened about 11:15," Pembroke's eyes were dancing. "Do

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you—er—think there are any others?"

"Thousands," said I. "Only—I turned the end of my cigar around to see if the light had proved effective."

"Only what?"

"Only she won't have them."

"Then there is really a chance?"

"When a woman is not married, there is always a chance," said I wisely.

"But let me tell you, cousin mine, she has a very high ideal. The man who wins her must be little less than a demigod and a little more than a man. Indeed her ideal is so high that I did not reach it by a good foot."

Pembroke looked surprised. "She—ah—rejected?"

"I did not say that I had proposed to her," said I.

"If you haven't, why haven't you?"

"It is strange." As his face assumed an anxious tinge, I laughed. "My dear relative, go ahead and win her, if you can. You have my best wishes. She is nothing to me. There was a time—ah, well, we all can look back and say that. If it isn't one woman it's another."

Sunshine came into Pembroke's face again. "Ideal or not ideal, I am going to make the effort."

"Success to you!" patting his shoulder. He was good to look at, and it was my opinion that Phyllis might do worse. We miss a good deal in this world by being overparticular.

We were coming into Trafalgar. Nelson stood high up in the yellow fog.

"Nature is less gracious than history sometimes," mused Pembroke, gazing up. "She is doing her best to dull the luster of the old gentleman. Ah, those were days when they had men."

"We have them still," said I. "It is not the men, but the opportunities which are lacking."

"Perhaps that is so. Yet, it is the great man who makes them."

I was thinking of Hillars. "I would give a good deal for a regiment and a bad moment for our side." There was

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no mighty column in his memory, scarcely a roll of earth. "What do you want to do?" I asked. "Shall we have a cab and drive to the park?"

"Just as you say, if it is not interfering with your work."

"Not at all."

"Have a cigar," said Pembroke after we had climbed into the cab and arranged our long legs comfortably. The London cab is all very well for a short and thin person. These came to me directly from Key West.

"That is one of the joys of being rich," said I. "Gold is Aladdin's lamp. I have to take my chances of getting good tobacco in this country."

"Talking about gold," he began.

"Don't!" I entreated.

"I was about to say that I drew out my bankers for £20,000 this morning."

"You intend to go in for a figure abroad, then?"

"Oh, no. I deposited the money in another bank—in your name."

"Mine! Deposited £20,000 in my name?" I gasped.

"Just so."

"I understood you to say, because you thought me to be a gentleman, that you weren't going to do anything like this? Have I done something to change your opinion?"

"Of course not. And I never said that I should not do it. You may or may not use it—that is as you please. But so far as I am concerned, it will stay there and accumulate interest till the crack of doom. It isn't mine any more. I dare say you might justly take offense at the action. As it is," complacently, "you will not only accept the gift, but thank me for it."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Exactly 25."

"I thought that you could not be older than that. Aren't you afraid to be so far away from home?"

Pembroke lay back and laughed. "You haven't thanked me yet."

"I must get a new tailor," said I.

"What shall I pay a tailor to make a well dressed man out of me, and then become an object of charity? Do I look, then, like a man who is desperately in need of money?"

"No, you don't look it. That's because you are clever. But what is your salary to a man of your brains?"

"It is bread and butter and lodging."

He laughed again. To laugh seemed to be a part of his business. "Jack, I haven't a soul in the world but you. I have only known you three days, but it seems that I have known you all my life. I have so much money that I cannot even fritter away the income."

"It must be a sad life," said I.

"And if you do not accept the sum in the spirit it is given I'll double it, and then you'll have trouble. You will be a rich man, then, with all a rich man's cares and worries."

"You ought to have a trustee to take care of your money."

"It would be a small matter to bribe him off. Jack, of course you do not need the money now, but that is no sign you may not in the days to come. I have known many journalists. They were ever improvident. I want to make an exception in your case. You understand; the money is for your old age."

"Let me tell you why a newspaper man is improvident. He earns money only to spend it. He has a fine scorn for money as money. He cares more for what a dollar spent has bought than what five saved might buy."

"Poor creditors!" was the melancholy interpolation. I passed over this and went on: "It is the work which absorbs his whole attention. He begins at the bottom of the ladder, which is in the garret. First, he is running about the streets at 2 and 3 in the morning in rain and snow and fog. The contact with the lower classes teaches him many things. He becomes the friend of the policeman and the vagabond. And as his mind grows broader his heart grows in proportion. It is the comparing of the great and small which makes us impartial and philosophical. Well, soon the reporter gets better assignments and shorter hours. He meets the noted men and women of the city. Suddenly from the city editor's desk his ambition turns to Washington. He succeeds there. He now comes into the presence of distinguished ambassadors, ministers and diplomatists. He acquires a polish and a smattering of the languages. His work becomes a feature of his paper. The president chooses him for a friend. He comes and goes as he wills. Presently his eye furtively wanders to Europe. The highest ambition of a journalist, next to being a war correspondent, is to have a foreign post. In this capacity he meets the notable men and women of all countries. He speaks to princes and grand dukes and crowned heads. In a way he becomes a personage himself, a man whom great men seek. And he speaks of the world as the poet did of the fall of Ptolemy, heart of which

Mrs. Anne Epps, Harlem, Ga., writes: "I have used Dr. A. A. Simmons' Laxative Medicine 15 years. It cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles caused by Torpid Liver. Would not give one package of it for a dozen of either Zetins or Black Draught."

I was and all of which I saw. "Ah," as my mind ran back over my own experiences, "what man with this to gain would care for money, a thing which would dull his imagination and take away the keen edge of ambition and make him play a useless part in this kingly drama of life?"

"I like your frankness," said Pembroke. "I have no doubt that journalism is the most fascinating profession there is. Yet you must not accuse the rich of being ambitious. I have known of rich men losing their all to make papers for men who are ambitious to be foreign correspondents."

"The young fellow was brimming with railway. I have never tried to run a newspaper, but I am, notwithstanding your tirade, ambitious. I am desirous to wed Miss Landors."

The cab was now rolling along the row.

"A truly great ambition," I admitted. "After all, what greater ambition is there than to marry the woman you love? Philip, I will accept your gift in the spirit it is given, and I'll make use of it in the days to come when I am old and rusted. I understand your motive. You are happy and wish every one to be."

"That's the idea," said he, leaning back and spreading an arm behind my shoulders.

"But not all the money in the world nor all the fame, for that matter, would make me happy," Gretchen was so far away! "Very well, we'll go to Paris together. That is as far as I go. To follow her you will have to go alone."

"And why can't you go the rest of the way?"

"Work. I must be back in town in three days. You must not forget that I have had my vacation. There is plenty to be done."

"Now that you are comparatively wealthy, why not give up the grind, as you call it?"

"The truth is I must work. When a man works, he forgets."

"Then you have something to forget?"

"Every man who has reached the age of 30 has something to forget," said I.

I was gloomy. In my pocket I had the only letter I had ever received from Gretchen. Every hour fate outdoes the romancer. The story she had written for me was a puzzling one. And the fairs? Who could say? Fate is more capricious than the novelist. Sometimes you can guess what he intends for an end; what fate has in store, never. Gretchen's letter did not begin as letters usually do. It began with "I love you" and ended with the same sentence. "In November my marriage will take place. Do not come abroad. I am growing strong now. If I should see you, alas, what would become of that thin ice covering the heart of fire? We have nothing to return, you and I. I long to see you. I dare not tell you how much. Who knows what the world holds hidden? While we live there is always a perhaps. Remember that I love you!"

"Perhaps," I mused absently.

"Perhaps what?" asked Pembroke.

"What?" I had forgotten him. "Oh, it was merely a slip of the tongue." I poked the matting with my cane. "It is high noon. We had best hunt up a lunch. I have an engagement with the American military attaché at 2, so you will have to take care of yourself till dinner."

Let me tell you what happened in the military club that night. I was waiting for Colonel J. of the Queen's Light, who was to give me the plan of the fall maneuvers in Africa. Pembroke was in the billiard room showing

For Pneumonia.

Dr. C. J. Bishop, Agnew, Mich., says: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in five very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." There is nothing so good. Wight & Bro.

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It was Prince Ernst of Wortumborg. He bowed.

"May I claim your attention for a moment?" he asked.

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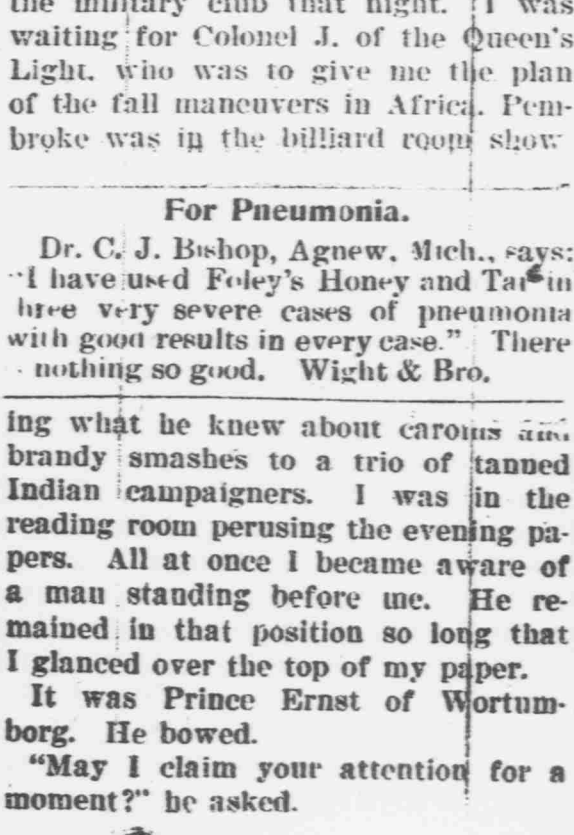
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Had I been in any other place than the club I should have ignored him. I possessed the liveliest hatred for the man. "If you will be brief."

"As brief as possible," dropping into the nearest chair. "It has become necessary to ask you a few questions. The matter concerns me."

"Whatever concerns you is nothing to me," I replied coldly.

He smiled. "Are you quite sure?"

I had turned the sword on myself, so it seemed. But I said: "I answered some of your questions once. I believe I was explicit."

"As to that I can say you were—"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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